

WENSLEYDALE:

OR,

RURAL CONTEMPLATIONS,

A

P O E M.

2s. 6d.

WENSLYDALE:

OR

RURAL CONTEMPORARIES

P. O. F. M.

as 64

WENSLEYDALE:  
OR,  
RURAL CONTEMPLATIONS,  
A  
POEM.

---

How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,  
A youth of labor with an age of ease.

Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,

While resignation gently slopes the way.      GOLDSMITH.

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L O N D O N :

Published for the benefit of the GENERAL INFIRMARY at LEEDS, and  
sold by T. DAVIES, in Great Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.

M.DCC.LXXI.



W E N S L E Y D A L E :

O R,

*Maude, Thomas*

RURAL CONTEMPLATIONS,

A

P O E M.

---

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A youth of labor with an age of ease.

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MDCCLXXI.



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TO  
HER GRACE  
THE DUCHESS OF BOLTON.

**I**N offering your Grace the humble tribute of these pages, I do but render a right to which you stand intitled from many considerations.

Your own happy success in the art of delineation, your alliance with the most noble owner of BOLTON, whose unre-mitted friendship I have now had the honor to experience for more than thirty years, in various climates and events, are not the only motives to this address.

Placed as I am in the centre of the scenes described, I could not well have been a mute spectator when the objects around me so irresistibly invited to such entertaining conversation.

To your Grace, who needs no interpreter of rural nature, I should have stood less excused, had not a Charity which I wish to serve, and for whose emolument these attempts are now risked abroad, induced me to employ in this manner a few intervals of leisure, from the more essential occupations of life.

It is hoped that Candor will advert more to the end than to the literary merits of this publication, since I am conscious that this trifling insect, short as its natural duration would be, must fall prematurely, if the mercy of Criticism, and the fostering wing of Charity, extend not its little life.

Stoical indeed must be that heart, that glows not at the view of an institution so replete with present and consequential good, by which, disabled Industry is restored, pining Poverty made joyful, anguish assuaged, and even life preserved. Humanity must therefore fervently wish that the fund of this very important Charity, in one of the most trading towns in the kingdom, may be always equal to its liberal plan, formed on the truly beneficent and extensive scale of relieving neighbour,

D E D I C A T I O N.

vii

bour, sojourner, and the most distant stranger without distinction.

Thrice happy then will be the author, if by throwing in his mite, it should tend to alleviate the greatest of all afflictions, the complicated calamities of indigence and sickness. A plan that cannot but coincide with the softest feelings of your sex, and be in particular congenial to your Grace's sentiments, extended to every species of distress.

I am, MADAM,

Your Grace's most obedient,

And truly devoted Servant,

MAY 10, 1771.

THOMAS MAUDE.

2



DEDICATION

your presence, and the most distant thought without dis-  
tinction.

I prize happy then will be the nation, it by throwing in  
his mind, it should tend to alleviate the greatest of all afflic-  
tions, the complicated calamities of indigence and sickness.  
A plan that cannot but coincide with the selfish feelings of  
your sex, and be particularly congenial to your Grace's feel-  
ings, extended to every species of distress.

I am, Madam,

Your Grace's most obedient

And truly devoted servant

THOMAS MAUDE

MAY 10, 1771

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## THE INTRODUCTION.

AS many allusions in the following piece are merely local, it may be necessary to premise, that the principal scene is a seat belonging to the Duke of BOLTON, in *Wensleydale*, ten miles from *Richmond*, and four from *Middleham*, in *Yorkshire*, where his Grace possesses property as considerable, as it is nobly ornamental to the country. For besides a range of ten almost united manors, including many populous villages, and a once splendid castle, whose venerable remains even now greatly enrich the pleasing landscape, his Lordship hath a capital mansion, three miles distant from *Bolton Castle*, whence the title is derived, and one mile from *Wensley*, from which village the *Dale* receives its name. A spot made no less conspicuous by many bold, singular, and grotesque beauties of nature, than by the fairer characters of a more polished face. The commodities of the valley for home and foreign consumption, which last is not inconsiderable, are fat cattle, horses, wool, butter, cheese, mittens, knit stockings, and lead.

The house was finished about the year 1678, by the Marquis of WINCHESTER, afterwards created Duke of BOLTON, and son of that Marquis, whose valour and loyalty, at an advanced age, were so remarkable for the brave defence of the castle of *Basing*, in *Hampshire*, during the civil wars in CHARLES's reign.

C

His

His Grace died the 27th of *February*, 1698, aged 69, at *Amport*, near *Andover*, in *Hampshire*, and was interred at *Basing*, the burying-place of the family, leaving many noble proofs of liberality to his servants and perpetuities to the poor.

In regard to the following composition, the reader will perceive that I have ingrafted upon the native stock of rural description some miscellaneous and exotic shoots, to vary that uniformity which must be the necessary result of pastoral writing. For however various and charming creation may be in her amazing productions, yet it must be confessed that in this walk of poetry, a few conceptions cover a large extent. Pastoral poetry is a genus, where the respective species have been well defined from the most remote antiquity. An amusing field of flowers, but reaped by a long succession of the most judicious hands.

In the display of rural felicity, the passions often contribute to mislead. If we bring the innocence, knowledge, or happiness of the peasantry to the measuring line of truth, we shall but too frequently find that they differ little from depravity, ignorance, and wretchedness; at least some qualities contrary to what the poets usually draw, too often mingle themselves in the pompously figured scene.

There was an age in the infancy of time, say some of respectable fame, when princes were shepherds, and shepherds bards; when a personal attendance on their flocks did not debase the dignity of rank; when agriculture, almost the sole occupation of the world, unopposed by mechanic arts, flourished in undisturbed peace.

But



## INTRODUCTION.

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But fashion has shifted the scene, and would you behold the shepherd and the patriarch nearest to the original, you must revert to where the inroads of vice and luxury have made the least impressions; perhaps in the solitary and less refined regions of *Horeb*, or the plains of the *Tigris*, where the pastoral chief in his tent, or from his grassy throne under the shade of the palm-tree, gives audience to migrating hordes; where milk and honey, dates and other vegetable fare, constitute his daily food, springs his beverage, and unadorned drapery his garments; where placid leisure, cloudless skies, and the soliciting objects of his situation, stir up genius to sentiment and poetry, in the true character of antient simplicity.

Whether love or war, devotion or agriculture, were the first incitements to poetry, it is not so easy to ascertain. But be the decisions of criticism upon these points as they may, it is perhaps less a problem, that the happiness with which our poets have transfused the beauties of imagery and sentiment from the antients into their own productions, together with their native originality, may constitute them equal to those of all other countries and preceding times. Let us add, that the almost perpetual verdure with which our island is clothed, the variety of its features, and the brilliancy of its fair, recommend it above all other subjects for the truly pastoral description.

The pleasing succession of our seasons, the beauty of our sloping woodlands, our general attention to useful and ornamental culture, the equal tunc of the fields in hay-harvest, the various evolutions of a mixed and pleased industry, raise our ideas of a *british* summer to a degree of pre-emi-

nence to which it may be said few other countries rise, for so precisely happy is the sea-girt situation of this island, on the globe, that the like temperature is not to be found in the same latitudes under different meridians: Our suns, though often glowing, have duly their remitted heat; our colds, their attempered qualities; the clouds seasonably drop fatness, and our soil is in general grateful.

The fossil kingdom, tho' a curious branch of natural history, rarely comes within the poet's sphere. To describe or analyse the qualities of its materials, is a task which belongeth rather to the gravity of philosophical research, than to the Muse. Such a survey neither answers her purpose, nor suits the fancy of her dress, nor does she stoop for the *irritamenta maiorum*, as *Ovid* phrases it. The coin or gem can scarce attract her notice; for where are the miser and poet to be found united?

But though imagination dips not her pencil much in the colours of this department, yet true it is, that bodies pregnant with the most wonderful properties, and of the utmost utility, are furnished from the dark regions of the subterraneous world. Not to mention the great utility of iron, which is universally known, we shall only specify the magnet, the inscrutable agency of which in a manner supplies the absence of the starry host, informs the mariner, in the depth of darkness, from whence the wind cometh, directs him to steer, in straight or crooked lines, through trackless seas and stormy turbulence, to his destined port. Hence our discoveries, hence the glories of commerce, and the social intercourse of nations.

The

The simple consideration of vegetable nature gratifies without alloy. We discipline the soil, cultivate the beauties and necessities of that kingdom to all our manifold purposes, and are happy in the enjoyment of our labors, I had almost said in the works of our own creation. They rise in glory and set in gratitude, they delight the eye, they deceive not when duly attended to, and in some degree reward the nurturing hand of all who properly extend it.

To this class we owe much of our bodily defence, and the branching luxuries of attire, the staff of every age, with the rarest elegancies of our board. To illustrate in another way this diversity, in a single instance, let us behold the progress but of one plant, common in its growth, important in its application. The flax robes us in the whiteness of snow, it comfortably spreads our tables and our couch, keeps clean our bodies, affords us paper whereon to express our thoughts, and wings to waft them to the remotest quarters of the globe.

From still life we advance to the animal rank; we here launch into a world of equal wonder, and stand astonished at that wise œconomy which so illustriously displays itself throughout the wide expanse. It would be superfluous to enumerate all the pleasures and accommodations with which we are here presented: we have exercise and sports to preserve our health, raiment to warm and food to nourish our bodies; means to facilitate agriculture, commerce, and arts, and all the operations of life that require strength or dispatch. After all, it is perhaps the philosopher alone, in circumstances of independence, that can approach to relish the scenes of retirement in the full fruition of their charms.



The man oppressed by penury, the mind distracted by ideas of fear, by envy, by political or other fashionable passions, absorbed in ignorance or dissolved in sloth, perplexed in suits at law, or corroded by misfortunes, hath little chance to succeed in the flattering speculations of rural life. The language he understands will not be that of nature around him, at least in any great degree of purity. Unwedded to resignation, unattuned to harmony and providence, he will but casually float on the surface of pleasure, and grasp at phantoms for the substance.

“O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint

“Agricolas!”

If reaping swains their solid blessings knew,

Too happy would they rural pleasures view,

was the *Mantuan* poet's exclamation, but is, I fear, too seldom applicable to the bosoms of those hereditary sons of care, discontent, and insensibility, which we have before commented upon.

Nor is it likely that the peasant, under the solicitude of answering days of rent, or who is in want of funds to supply incidental defects, more especially should murrain invade his stock, or floods his crops, should insects infest, or storms destroy, with other the black contingencies of knavery, error, or fate, can boast the contentment usually ascribed to his situation. Thus controuled by elements, and oftentimes by man not less fierce than they, the farmer's obstacles to happiness will be various and multiplied. His hopes will, under these circumstances, become not only agitated by the caprice of others, but he will be subject, as *Shakespeare* says on another occasion, to every “skiey influence.”

He

He will be apt to brood even on imaginary fears as necessity presses; and, wanting education to repel the enemy, or fill the languid pause of thought, will bring forth care, regret, and sorrow.

But still it will be found that in description we have, agreeably to poetic license, taken up with happiness in the rural cot, for numerous exceptions are not wanting to lower the doctrine we have before advanced: yet it is probable, that he bids fairest for the prize, in these days of inquiry, and improved management of land, whose abilities and spirit prompt him to attempt, and who has withal judgment to direct, and feelings to enjoy. However it will be much, if even the rarer and more abstracted character of wisdom and easy wealth, which we have previously alluded to, doth not complain that the poets deceive. Certain it is, that in the happiest state, exclusive of adverse accidents, the lot of all men, some melting compassion for a tender and kind favourite, sickning, dying, dead, or assigned to slaughter, will intrusively step in, to disturb tranquility, and embitter remembrance.

The horse or ewe, the patient ox, or the useful cow, these his favoured objects, whose obedience and sincerity he had long admired, which his care had reared, and his bounty fed; these his familiars of the field, when led to be sacrificed, cannot but make the owner share emotions opposite to felicity, which every intelligent reader will at sight conceive. There will stand before him that price of affection, which, to a man of sensibility, must give some sympathetic grief. Let us therefore, in this case, imitate the prudent painter of old, who, in his description of *Agamemnon's* fall, drew a veil over part of the figure, that silent conjecture might supply it.

Reality has required this picture at our hands, whose brightest side we shall, in conformity to custom, exhibit nearest to the light; nor need we attempt to prove one obvious truth, that happiness will be found in the greatest perfection, where simplicity and innocence, under the influence of education, prevail.

But it is time to close the preface, lest we reveal too much, and sink the subject which we mean should entertain; remembering that rural enjoyment, in its practical perfection, is not perhaps to be sought for in the palace of high fame, nor always in the lowly cottage, but ordinarily in that middle station of independence which animates decency with taste, where Judgment guides Economy, where hereditary or acquired property, with acts of benevolence, commands respect and esteem, but equally keeps Avarice, Ambition, Vanity, Slavery, and Despotism from the threshold.

WENSLEYDALE:



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# WENSLEYDALE:

O R.

## RURAL CONTEMPLATIONS:

**A**RISE, my Mûse, fair WENSLEY's vale display,  
And tune with vocal reed the sylvan lay;  
Happy the scenes of lovely BOLTON rove,  
Its peaceful plains, and each sequester'd grove;  
Enjoy the solitude as gently glide  
The lapsing moments of life's wasting tide.

Here, far remov'd from vanity and throng,  
Each soft recess the fane of genial song,  
We view past toil, exotic scenes run o'er,  
And shelter'd hear the rocking tempests roar.

E

In

In waving shades poetic converse keep,  
 While folly's deeds in dark oblivion sleep.  
 Here the lull'd mind, compos'd as sober morn,  
 Nor fears, nor gives, nor knows the worldly scorn,  
 Delays of office and postponing arts,  
 Or how the courtier's vow from truth departs,  
 Each sly evasion nurs'd in falsehood's arms,  
 Or how a quibble virtue's claim disarms;  
 Superior wrapt in contemplation's dreams,  
 Grateful we walk, and meekly shun extremes,  
 Resting on truth, as moral POPE exprest  
 That maxim sure, "whatever is, is best."

What tho' no splendid pomp here rears its head,  
 Nor columns proud with sculptur'd science spread,  
 The comely face with which old Time appears,  
 Boasts beauties growing with his growing years,  
 While art contrasted drops her feeble wings,  
 As Nature, great, romantic, awful, sings.

But see yon margin of rejoicing woods,  
 Which bending listen to the sprightly floods;

Should

Should these or milder views thy fancy seize,  
And pencill'd fields with mossy fountains please,  
Proceed along those daisy-tufted banks,  
Where the smooth-bladed Iris fringing ranks,  
Sweetly beneath whose gay reflected fides,  
The lucid dimpled stream serenely glides,  
In stealing cadence smiles on nature's plan,  
And social seeks society with man,  
Yielding reluctant, visits some new coast,  
And in grim Ocean's gulf at length is lost.  
So fails the merchant, treasures to pursue,  
And ling'ring bids his home-felt joys adieu;  
While plaintive eyes the less'ning hills bewail,  
And anxious sighs his heaving breast assail;  
Launch'd on the billows, now with adverse toil  
He slowly gains the long-expected soil;  
From Traffick's fount arise his views to roam,  
For decent wealth to deck his happy home;  
When genial gales and pleasure's high command,  
Propitious waft him to his native strand.



Nor absent here smooth culture's pleasing vales,  
With groves adapted to fond lovers tales;  
Who with protesting ardor in soft bower,  
Gayly devoted, ehide the sliding hour;  
While on the spreading beech the conscious dove,  
Invokes the happy pair to blameless love:  
The woods responsive melting music bear,  
And choral plaudits float upon the air.

Ah! mark, ye blooming nymphs, alluring *May*,  
Nor let her charms your brighter charms betray.  
So *CLIO* spoke, well vers'd in female hearts,  
Who well could teach how Love directs his darts:  
So *Rome's* sage augur *CÆSAR's* life to spare,  
Bid the great chief of fatal *March* beware;  
While he, regardless, arm'd with Stoic pride,  
Contemn'd the truth-prefaging tale, and dy'd.

Say now which way doth dubious choice incline,  
Since varied charms furrounding glorious shine,  
Th' umbrageous park, the wide-extending lawn,  
Where lightly bounds along the playful fawn;

Yon

Yon blossom'd copse, the hawthorn's pearly spray,  
 From whence the thrilling thrush awakes the day;  
 The fragrant woodbine dangling in the breeze,  
 Enamell'd meads and stately quiv'ring trees;  
 \* The bird with human laugh, the cawing rook,  
 The sprightly squirrel and the babbling brook;  
 The vocal cuckoo and the brilliant jay,  
 Deck'd with each radiance of reflected day,  
 Here picks her meal; there tracks the dewy plain,  
 The feather'd matron with collected train;  
 All, all combine to make the group compleat,  
 And give to POWLETT, nature's choicest feat.

But let us search the scene with nearer eyes,  
 And range descriptive as new objects rise.  
 Full then to sight from \*\* SPENITHORN the gay,  
 With aspect open to the dawning day,

F

Stands

\* The woodpecker, no less distinguished by the chearful peculiarity of his tone, and beautiful plumage, than by the striking fitness of his organs for procuring food, so as to be the admired object of most naturalists who mention him.

\*\* In this village was born and baptised, the 24th of October, 1675, the great hebraist *John Hutchinson*, well known in the literary world, and whose strenuous and particular way of thinking, relative to the principles of the *Mosaic History*, hath attracted

Stands mounted, MIDL'AM, doleful mark'd with scars,  
 The fatal record of intestine wars,  
 A NEVIL's pile, \* where CROMWELL's rage we trace,  
 In wounded grandeur, and expiring grace,  
 Where Devastation holds her gloomy court,  
 And boding birds with restless shades resort,  
 While *Cynthia* pale glides o'er the ghastly bound,  
 And Woe's ideas start on Fancy's ground,  
 Shed on the dusky mind, portending forms,  
 Of palsy'd walls and wrecks of sweeping storms,  
 Of horrid sprites, and demons of dismay,  
 Nurs'd by the twilight of the mental day.  
 Yet gainful is the scene, if right we state  
 Its past aspiring aims and present fate:  
 Hence are we taught to stop life's vain career,  
 When curst Ambition taints the list'ning ear;

Hence

attracted many disciples, and established him the founder of a sect. His life is wrote by *Robert Spearman*, Esq; who, by a small error, makes him born in 1674.

\* The castle of *Middleham*, now in ruins, was built by *Robert* the third Lord of *Middleham*, and grandson of *Ribald* younger brother of *Alan Rufus* Earl of *Brittany* and *Richmond*: It descended to the *Nevilles*, Earls of *Westmoreland*, *Salisbury*, and *Warwick*. This was the last family that resided there; a family famous for their power, for the variety of their fortune, and the singularity of their fate. One of them was slain in battle, another beheaded, and a third suffered mutilation, by the man whom he had injured, of which his lordship died.



Hence learn the golden mean, Contentment's plan,  
Which constitutes the happiness of man,  
A spring whose lucid stream unceasing flows,  
In climes solstitial and *Siberia's* snows,  
Confirms her sway, in truth and peace to live;  
Why swells my soul? 'tis all the world can give.

To prospects less sedate we bend our way,  
And, in apt numbers, hopeful would display  
The terrac'd heights expanded to the sun,  
Or velvet turf where panting coursers run;  
There bred and train'd to each exulting chace,  
They win the splendid trophies of the race.  
Full to the point where first the meek-ey'd morn,  
Dispensing joy, on crimson wings is born,  
Far, far extend your view, o'er *Mowbray's* plain,  
Till distance curtains the unknown domain;  
Distinctly, near, each pressing image yields  
The recollection of \* *PALERMO's* fields.

Exalted *LEYBURN* next, with spreading arms,  
Due north, your moving observation charms;

F 2

Where

\* A plain of remarkable beauty in *Sicily*.

Where, from its rocky verge and sylvan side,  
 Most aptly rang'd in gay theatric pride,  
 We view a lower world where glories spring,  
 As bold and fair as *Tempe's* poets sing;  
 Woods, streams, and flocks the vale's sweet bosom grace,  
 And happy Culture smooths her chearful face,  
 Supplies the wants to barren spots assign'd,  
 Or copious deals her gifts to all mankind.  
 Why need we wish the lucid spheres to know,  
 How Music charms, why spreads the heav'nly bow,  
 While GARGRAVE's piercing lore descries from far,  
 Along the milky-way the tube-sought star;  
 Whose skill can teach, and candor free explain,  
 Each distant wonder of URANIA's reign.

Westward we move, till chaos-like appears  
 The quarry's fragments of a thousand years;  
 The swelling heaps in rude disorder lie,  
 And strong attract the stranger's wond'ring eye.  
 Led by the bracing breezes of the plain,  
 High PRESTON's tiffu'd green you next attain,

Excursive

Excursive ramble on the lawny mead,  
 That springs elastic with the bounding steed.  
 But cease my steps, free feast the roving eye, \*  
 There villas rise, here martial ruins lie:  
 The strated mines, coeval in their birth  
 With the spread deluge, teeming o'er the earth:  
 No wish'd-for something fitly to intrude,  
 No child of frolic nature, pleasing, rude,  
 Nor softness bland, no liquid sketch to lure,  
 Drawn from the attitude of easy *Eure*,  
 Nor temples, pious objects of true care,  
 Need we deplore; the aggregate is here.

## G

## Now

\* Sweetly agreeable as the prospect is from the the terrafs of *Leyburn* shawl or wood, it undoubtedly yields to the plain of *Preston* scar, at a station from a point projecting over the village, near to the turnpike-road at *Scartbnick*.

The advantage of this view, besides its greater variety of objects, is likewise that of its being most commodiously accessible to all kinds of carriages. The spectator has from hence a full sight of the castles of *Middleham* and *Bolton*, a glimpse of the cataract of *Aysgarth*, no less than eight villages and seven churches, most of which are ornamented with very handsome steeples.

But indeed there is not an eminence which contributes to inclose the vale, but what can boast of the beauties of its situation, and with this superiority too, above all other places I remember, that tho' equally fine with the downs of *Wills* or *Dorset* for pasture and exercise in wet or dry weather, being upon a limestone, the country is highly diversified with those majestic irregularities of nature which never satiate. Add to this, that those happy circumstances of pleasure and health run parallel on the north and south side of the valley for many miles, attended with copious streams, plenty of game, and good roads.



Now from her squatted bed, inclos'd or bare,  
With dextrous evolutions starts the hare;  
Where the stretch'd greyhound in the curving course,  
Vies with the wind in all its driving force;  
Exerts each nerve in emulation's cause,  
While judgment falters to decide applause.

Opposing springs impel the fierce career,  
Hope urges him, she rapid flies with fear;  
While fear and hope one mingled scene supply,  
And victor with the vanquish'd, breathless lie.  
So strain the youths, proud of gymnastic fame;  
So strove the heroes of th' olympic game;  
So speed the polish'd courfers of the plain;  
So drives the storm impetuous o'er the main.

Come crescent nymph, full fraught with sylvan lore,  
Nor blush to school thyself on *Albion's* shore.  
Hark! how the cheering loud emphatic horn,  
Convenes the willing pack to scent the morn;  
The tainted tufts the rising peal provoke,  
Till the mix'd clangor agitates the oak;

The

The manly swelling base, the tenor'd boy,  
Exulting fill the wide-spread notes of joy;  
The chearful notes far-echoing rocks rebound,  
And nerves accordant own the magic sound;  
Scarce less in power the music of our chace,  
Than the fam'd strains of softly-tutor'd *Thrace*.

But leave to SOMERVILLE the wreathed bays,  
Nor dare, my Muse, thy feeble voice to raise;  
Low at his shrine parnaassian flowrets strew,  
Nor vainly try his footsteps to pursue;  
He, unsurpass'd in classic chace to roam,  
Brings ev'ry rural pleasure winged home;  
Here thought on thought contend in social strife,  
Each word a scion shooting into life,  
Wide and more wide his lofty muse expands,  
And every trophy of the Nine commands:  
For thy lov'd verse accept, immortal Shade!  
This little tribute to thy merit paid.

Aloof, the sportful heath of purple hue,  
Or mingled brown, we gladsome now pursue;

By subtle wiles delude the timid game;  
Nor stain'd that life which courts no viler shame:  
By pointing instinct silently beset,  
The latent captives of the wavy net;  
Or quick as lightning with explosive force,  
Fatal arrest their founding airy course;  
The fragrant breath of flow'ry ling inhale,  
That gently floats upon the fanning gale.  
Thus health and pleasure interweave their thread,  
Court the coy taste to break the relish'd bread.  
Thy labours partly sped, refreshment near,  
Then lend to noontide calls a willing ear.  
Should frowning skies a caution needful make,  
Near some clear spring thy tented station take;  
And yet for shade, sometimes the ray intense,  
We deem it prudent shielding thus to fence;  
With mirth relax, nor want the viny juice,  
To give the pallid lymph the florid blush:  
Proceed, ye sons of sport, on this good plan,  
Reject the foodful pastime if you can.  
If nerv'd thy limbs, and flushing health thy boon,  
Sprightly as morn and glowing as the noon,

Assert



Affert thy strength, pursue the western ray,  
While breezy hopes around thy pointers play.  
At eve review whatever labours please,  
And prove the luxury of toil and ease,  
Till Sleep, kind genial pow'r, proclaims his fway,  
And vig'rous strings thee for returning day.

Say, BOLTON, say, lord of each sparkling mine,  
For wealth upon diffusive hills are thine,  
Whose mazy vales, their duty to express,  
Bright tributes pour, array'd in gayest dress,  
Where sky-bound circles measure thy domain,  
And alpine heights connect the glorious chain;  
Say, can this world, for thee so richly clad,  
Extended wide, another blessing add?  
It can, the richest prize in human life,  
The crown of every bliss, a tender wife,  
As *Eden* fair, as downy zephir mild,  
In sense a *Pallas*, purity a child;  
Whose classic pen the scepter'd muses hail,  
And every grace adorns the tuneful tale.

Descending south, the crowded groves declare  
The goodly mansion of the noble pair,  
Not modern trimm'd, yet stranger to decay,  
A pleasing habitation we survey;  
Where, at due distance from the white-rob'd gate,  
Stand, not intrusive, but obedient wait,  
The smoaking village and the silent farms,  
Whose ready toil man's various wants disarms:  
Hence, is the chief made happy by their aid,  
Thence, industry is by protection paid:  
'Tis thus in life, Need's active sons comply;  
The rich reward, and make the social tie;  
So added drops, to form the rill, combine,  
And swelling streams in ready conflux join;  
The circling compact Ocean's flood supplies,  
To reimburse the fountain of the skies.

Here let our steps those verdant tracks pursue,  
And catch the passing objects in review,  
The mystic windings of the hill pervade,  
'The ample circus, or the open glade,

Or

Or devious faunter where the shady way  
Secludes the storm, and Phœbus' piercing ray,  
Collect instructions, from the throngs we see  
Thro' life sagacious in each plant and tree;  
With microscopic eye minutely trace  
The hidden wonders of the puny race;  
Whether they court the cover or the gleam,  
Or nimbly navigate the swarming stream;  
Whether along the lap of earth they stray,  
Or on light pinions steer their airy way;  
Mark how the sap in slender tube ascends,  
And where the point whence to the root it tends,  
How copious germinates the crowded year,  
How wave perennial pines in middle air;  
Nature alike consistent in her plan,  
From simple atoms up to complex man.

Behold that arch, the glory of the sky,  
Its vivid tints, inimitable dye;  
See fluid gems with gayest lustre proud,  
The floating remnants of a weeping cloud.

H. 2.

Who



Who best explain'd the nice-refracted ray,  
 And brought forth darkness to the test of day;  
 Who with sagacious ken best understood,  
 The stated motions of the whelming flood;  
 And how attraction so unerring steers,  
 Thro' the vast void, variety of spheres?  
 NEWTON, \* the brightest link in nature's chain,  
 The first great subject of fair Wisdom's reign;

Such

\* As the smallest fragment of variety, in so great an ornament to human nature, becomes amusing, especially in a character so uniformly studious as his, I shall briefly relate what may not be so generally known, and therefore give the curious traveller an opportunity of bestowing one transient glance upon the humble tenement where first this illustrious man drew breath, or the elegant situation where he resigned it.

The first is a farm-house at the little village of *Woolstroppe*, consisting of a few messuages in the same stile of humility, about half a mile west from *Coltersworth*, on the great north road between *Stamford* and *Grantham*, known to every peasant in the village.

He died at lodgings in that agreeable part of *Kensington*, called *Pitt's Buildings*. His académic time was spent in *Trinity College, Cambridge*, where his apartments continue to be mentioned, occasionally, on the spot to strangers, with a degree of laudable exultation.

His principal town-house was in *St. Martin's Street*, the corner of *Long's Court, Leicester-Fields*, where is yet standing a small observatory which Sir *Isaac* built upon the roof.

His temper was so mild and equal that no accidents disturbed it; one instance in particular, which is authenticated by a now living witness, brings this assertion to a proof: That Sir *Isaac* being called out of his study to a contiguous room, a little dog, called *Diamond*, the constant but incurious attendant of his master's researches,

Such was the man, the wonder of his age,  
 The boast of Learning and bright *Europe's* page,  
 Deceit he knew not, bred in Nature's school,  
 He fathom'd depths with Nature's line and rule;  
 The key of science, Truth to NEWTON lent,  
 And bid him glorious range her wide extent:  
 The delegated trust she warm approv'd,  
 When Heaven resum'd the soul it form'd and lov'd.

Of REDMIRE's mining town how shall we sing?  
 The circling verdure and its healing spring,  
 Are all the rooted peasant's native tale,  
 Who ne'er transgress'd the barrier of his vale;  
 Whose level soul no higher feelings greet,  
 Than his turf'd cot and wormwood-growing street;  
 His vulgar soul to narrow views confin'd,  
 Nor genius charms, nor arts expand his mind;

I

Happy

searches, happened to be left among the papers, and, by a fatality not to be retrieved, as it was in the latter part of Sir *Isaac's* days, threw down a lighted candle, which consumed the almost-finished labours of some years. Sir *Isaac* returning too late, but to behold the dreadful wreck, rebuked the author of it with an exclamation, (ad fydera palmas) Oh *Diamond!* *Diamond!* thou little knowest the mischief done! without adding a single stripe.

Happy believes the mist-invested mounds,  
 Contain the compass of the world's vast bounds:  
 Yet to the peasant's rude unpolish'd hand,  
 Owe we the fairest structures of the land:  
 On his strong base is built the finish'd dome,  
 From him arise the textures of the loom;  
 The plough and sail their various fruits dispense,  
 Nerves lend their pow'r, Philosophy the sense:  
 As heavy weights the finer springs impel,  
 So, with Toil's efforts, nobler minds excel

Thron'd in athletic state, supremely stands  
 The graceful castle 'midst obedient lands;  
 Historic BOLTON \*, early known to fame,  
 Th' illust'ous line of ducal POWLETTs claim,  
 Where once the wealthy titled SCROOPES safe slept,  
 And *Scotland's* Queen in tragic durance wept.

Here pause, my Muse, nor stop the rising sigh,  
 Nor yet the forming tear from Sorrow's eye;

Farewel

\* *Bolton* castle, where *Mary* Queen of the *Scots* was imprisoned in 1516. The castle was built by *Richard* Lord *Scroope*, Chancellor of *England*, in the reign of *Richard* the second. *Emanuel* Lord *Scroope* Earl of *Sunderland*, who died without male issue, was the last of this antient family that inhabited the castle.



Farewel Mirth's rosy train, inspiring bowl,  
The festive welcome, and dilated soul :  
'Tis here Reflection plumes her moral lay,  
And sets contrasting scenes in just array.  
Ah, chang'd indeed ! ah, how revers'd ! condole,  
Ye mocking echoes, and ye wild winds howl.  
What do Ambition's swelling domes avail,  
When Time's corroding fangs their walls assail.  
Hence let this glass, this mournful school, impart  
One useful lesson to the feeling heart :  
But serious still, as Fame reports, there stood,  
Two furlongs west, a village fair and good ;  
Nor vestige now, eras'd the hamlet's wall,  
Once the sure pledge of Labour's early call.  
Blush, Prescience, blush, how to the future blind ;  
Man's works, alas ! "leave not a wreck behind."

Enough of woe, then turn we to behold :  
Creation's ampler works, severely bold.  
See beacon'd PENHILL, view it fullen rise,  
Whose scaling altitude invades the skies ;

Alike imperial shows fair CLEVELAND's strand,  
And golden DURHAM's terminating land;  
While in the rear wild surgy prospects lie,  
Nor ill depict mistaken Liberty.

Say then what's Liberty, my Muse define,  
How we shall tread the nice distinctive line?  
Dwells it in camps? It courts not War's alarms,  
More frequent lost than won by clashing arms.  
Sprouts it in Faction's flinty pining grounds?  
Or rest its glories in licentious rounds?  
Lives it in crowds fantastic, to be bought?  
Avaunt! avaunt! the base degenerate thought.  
Is it the potent cup, fermenting high,  
Or yet the influence of a partial sky?  
Too much, alas! inebriate are those times,  
Nor torpid pause e'en at destructive crimes;  
Crimes swelling high, anon impetuous roll,  
And like a whelming torrent sink the soul.  
True Liberty should guide, impel, restrain,  
Else laws are chaff, and monarchs useless reign.

Like

Like as the sun irradiates each bright realm,  
 So should pure Freedom govern at the helm,  
 With steady course, by stated laws confin'd,  
 Precarious else the blessings of mankind,  
 Glad shine on all, adopt no vassal'd train,  
 But spread, impartial, cheering beams and rain,  
 Graceful her port, serene her winning eye,  
 The fairest, brightest daughter of the sky.  
 Steady on Virtue's throne see her preside,  
 How soft she spreads her genial favours wide,  
 With judgment temper'd, proud of just applause,  
 She tramples joyful on despotic laws;  
 'Gainst adverse winds she hoists no lofty sails,  
 But, with the stream of Justice, mild prevails;  
 No rude salutes, no frantic-sounding joys,  
 No ceaseless cymbals brazen-tinkling noise;  
 With innate pride she scorns the false parade  
 Of fawning slaves, and seeks the silent shade;  
 Void of all art, her emanations play,  
 And placid rule, nor sullen disobey.

K

But



But now, O AYSGARTH! let my rugged verse,  
 The wonders of thy cataracts rehearse.  
 Long e'er the toiling sheets to view appear,  
 They sound a prelude to the meeting ear :  
 Now in rough accents by the pendant wood,  
 Rolls in stern majesty the foaming flood;  
 The hailing waves their passing dirges \* pay,  
 And sing a requiem to departing day ;

Thence

\* Alluding to a contiguous church-yard belonging to the village of *Aysgarth*.

The romantic situation of the handsome church of *Aysgarth*, on an eminence, solitarily overlooking these cataracts of the *Eure*, wonderfully heightens the picturesque idea of this unusual scene.

If you approach the falls that are above bridge from the road on the north side, on which it always ought to be visited, you have the singular advantage of seeing them through a spacious light arch, which, from the obliquity of the highway, presents the river, at every step you advance, in many pleasing attitudes, till you mount the crown of the bridge, and take the whole in one beautiful grotesque view.

We may add to this elegant circumstance another incident in character, that the concave of the bridge is embellished by hanging petrefactions, and its airy battlement happily festooned with ivy ; near, on the right of the road, attends a sloping wood, on the left is *Aysgarth* steeple, magically, as it were, emerging from a copse, while the closing back ground of the view is an assemblage of multifarious shrubs, ever-greens, projecting rocks, and a gloomy cave.

The waters falling near half a mile upon a surface of stone, worn into infinite irriguous cavities, and inclosed by bold and shrubby cliffs, is every where changing its face, breaking forth into irregular beauties till it forms the grand descent.—The late learned traveller, Dr. *Pocock*, whose search after the sublime and marvellous brought him to this part, was said to own, with exultation, that these cataracts exceeded those in *Egypt*, to which he was no stranger.

There

Thence scatter'd, reassume a gentler march,  
 And toyful glide thro' AysgARTH's ample arch,  
 Till prone again with wildest tumult bore,  
 Recoil the billows, reels the giddy shore;  
 Dash'd from its rocky bed the winnow'd spray,  
 Remounts the regions of the cloudy way,  
 While warring columns fiercer combats join,  
 And make the rich, rude, thundring scene divine.

Thus bellows *Eure*; so YOUNG's seraphic fire  
 Paints the wild fury of BUSIRIS' ire:

K 2

“Where

There is yet an object seldom seen but by those who narrowly seek amusement, and even little known upon the spot, which demands our note, for our description it cannot have, upon a rivulet at *Heaning*, distant about two miles from these falls of the *Eure*.

The curiosity of this fall of water, which runs into a low steep gill, the point of view at the bottom being indeed but of difficult access, is such, as to appear a silver chain, whose highest link seems fastened to the clouds, descending through a display of hovering branches and shading foliage, which, in proportion to the thick or thinner weaving of the boughs, now bursts and then twinkles in a manner most amazingly captivating. In a word, the most copious language under the conduct of poetic infusion, must stagger in any attempt to describe its unutterable charms.

Many scenes of entertainment of the like kind offer themselves, but of a much inferior class, on the *Eure* and its tributary streams, especially towards its source, such as those of *Bowbridge*, *Hardrow Foss*, and *Foss Gill* in *Bishopdale*, which however capitally pleasing they might prove in any other part, appear diminished when put in comparison with those already remarked.

" Where fall the raging cataracts of *Nile*,  
 " The mountains tremble, and the waters boil,  
 " Like those I rush, like those my torrents roar,  
 " And give to BRITAIN's isle one wonder more."

Thus man the harpy of his own content,  
 With blust'ring passions, phrensicly bent,  
 Wild in the windy vortex, whirls the soul,  
 Till Reason bursts, nor can herself controul.

But now the wavy conflict tends to peace,  
 And jarring elements their tumults cease,  
 Placid below, the stream obsequious flows,  
 And silent wonders how fell Discord grows:  
 So the calm mind reviews her tortur'd state,  
 Resumes her reason for the cool debate.  
 So lessons \* *Eure*: yet hapless is her doom,  
 Not so the *Tiber* of imperial *Rome*;

Fly,

\* The River *Eure*, *Ure*, or *Yore*, as it is differently recorded, arises from a mountain, called *Cotter*, the extremity of the north-west part of *Yorkshire*, which hill divides that county from *Westmoreland*. The River having passed near the market-towns of *Askrig*, *Middleham*, *Masbham*, *Ripon*, and *Boroughbridge*, terminates at the distance of a few miles in the *Ouse*, there little better than a rill, near to the village of *Ousebourn*, whose waters pass through *York*, and at length fall into the river *Humber*.  
 The



Fly, Folly, fly, whose inauspicious frown,  
 In evil hour seduc'd my *Eure*'s renown;  
 The *Adriatic* faithful clasps her *Po*,  
 The *Thames* and *Shannon*'s streams securely flow,  
 Why then, O *Eure*, thy natal rights restrain,  
 Nor friendly league thy waters with the main?  
 Presumption strange, shall drawling *Ouse* rebel,  
 That winds her sedgy course from lowly cell,  
 Turbid to mix contaminated blood,  
 And yet usurp the lineage of thy flood?  
 Forbid it Fates, forbid it all ye train  
 That guide the streams or rule the briny main.  
 Sooner might *France* our naval glories claim,  
 Or hawks affociate with the trembling game;  
 Sooner *MARIA*'s radiance cease to please,  
 Poets grow rich, or Pain accord with Ease;  
 Sooner shall Justice deal alike their fate,  
 Who sap a country or who save a state;

L.

Sooner

The circumstance of the *Eure*, with all its deserving honours, being so ignobly usurped by a trifling brook of no descent, action, or fame, is what occasions the poet's censure, and provokes his exclamation.

*Yore*, by the affinity it has to *York*, has not improbably been some time or other so called at that antient city, and given rise to its name: The river, one may suppose, has derived its name from *Eurus*, as its course is east.

Sooner shall DANBY wise relinquish sense,  
Or polish'd DARLINGTON conceive offence,  
To forfeit truth my CLOSE, of *Easby*, deign,  
Or Science languish in a GEORGE's reign;  
Sooner shall Virtue prove an empty name,  
Than we the honors of the *Eure* disclaim.

Come then, pure Stream, the purest of the throng,  
Come and adorn my tributary song.  
Prepare, ye nymphs, prepare the tepid wave,  
And let CLEORA there securely lave.  
Be still thou North, and hush'd thou peevish East,  
CLEORA bathes, CLEORA gives the feast,  
No breezes on thy peaceful bosom dance,  
No undulations break thy smooth expanse,  
The masking willows of the close recess,  
Be Virtue's guard and form the veiling dress.  
Now looking round she spreads her loose attire,  
The scaly tribes with one accord admire,  
The conscious stream dividing to embrace,  
Clasps the coy panting prize with every grace ;

Transparent

Transparent cover'd how enchanting shine,  
The lovely-modell'd limbs of source divine.

As DAMON sleeping midst the foliage lay,  
Deaf to the warblers of each hovering spray,  
His dreams the heralds of his future hour,  
Had rang'd seraphic through each cyprian bow'r.  
DAMON, the blithest lad of rural youth,  
The chaste fair transcript of angelic truth,  
Saw quick approaching from an heav'nly shore,  
In azure vest on downy æther bore,  
A matchless form; her passion-darting eye,  
Vy'd with the brightness of *Golconda's* sky,  
While Nature deep enthron'd in blushes meek,  
Encircling health high mantled in her cheek,  
Her every step, her attitude and look,  
Refreshing sweet of dignity partook;  
Near and more near the awful guest advanc'd,  
Stole on his soul, in Pleasure's zenith tranc'd,  
Till by the genius of the shade appriz'd,  
He woke and found the vision realiz'd.



The Fair retires, unconscious of the view,  
Nor ought she wish'd, nor ought of love she knew.  
Each pore pervaded, soon the beech he fought,  
And thus on graphic bark essay'd his thought.

Go, pensive lines, address the lovely maid,  
Where she with Virtue courts the tranquil shade,  
Go tell, but, Language, 'tis beyond thy art  
To speak the poignant feelings of my heart.  
Go tell, ah Goddess, deign my mind to guess,  
Nor further urge, in pity, my distress;  
Faithful no other bliss I'd seek to prove,  
If once the object of thy tender love.  
Come Love, thou softest child of Hope and Fear,  
Thou meek beguiler of the circling year,  
Come aid the ven'trous swain success to try,  
Entreat one warbling boon of Melody.  
As turns the bark each varying breeze to save,  
So ply'd the youth, and these instructions gave.

Haste

Haste envied Thrush that charm'd the ear,  
Where woodbines fragrant twine,  
High perch with music's melting air,  
And votive hail yon shrine.

Transpose each thought, my throbbing breast  
Too weak, alas! sustains,  
Bid sweet CLEORA give me rest,  
And sooth my love-sick pains.

Compassion to the fair belongs,  
Thy wooing art employ,  
Impress her with prevailing songs,  
Or dies the timid boy.

Should these mild scenes but casual prompt desire,  
Or gently stir thy pure and native fire,  
Come and partake, my friend, the chearful day,  
The heart-sincere and ever-willing lay.  
Come, courteous, come, and *Pan's* calm Pleasures share,  
With added Friendship's undiminish'd fare;

M

Embracing

Embracing Peace, here quit all anxious strife,  
And drink oblivion of vain bustling life.  
While yet we breathe, be it our noblest pride,  
Valiant to fight on lovely Virtue's side;  
Her argent banners militant to wave,  
To the dim brink of the forgetful grave;  
Review the doctrine of the heav'n-taught sage,  
Correct the manners of a vicious age;  
Happy to catch amusement, and explore  
The soothing wonders of great Nature's store:  
Here let us rest, at length, our weary feet,  
Be this the point where all our wishes meet;  
With long-fam'd TITUS feelingly to say,  
Absent from thee, my Vale, "I've lost a day."

Beneath yon roof with mantling ivy spread,  
By Peace, by Virtue, and Contentment led,  
There dwells a man, within whose gentle breast  
Life's scatter'd blessings permanently rest.  
Nor fast he thinks Time's fleeting moments flow,  
Nor moves the sliding sand one grain too slow.



A partner kind, each duteous look displays,  
While prattling cherubs cheer his rolling days.  
His dog, his cat, his past'ral charge withal,  
There calmly live and duly wait his call.  
Early he breathes the salutary hour,  
Now carols loud, now weaves the shelt'ring bow'r.  
Approves his lot, however frugal cast,  
And grateful shares of Nature's plain repast.  
Thus circumscrib'd, nor after more he pants,  
Nor asks one other good to close his wants.  
Perish the meanness of exulting pride,  
That scoffing would his bounded aims deride.  
Sober at night he rests his weary head,  
Where friendly slumbers shade his humble bed.  
What tho' no pomp salutes his op'ning eyes,  
Yet toil, sweet toil, the soothing down supplies.  
His simple fare, the pledge of rosy health,  
Secures his joy, supplies the want of wealth,  
Till Fate the vital fluid slowly stops,  
And mellow like autumnal fruit he drops.  
If such a scene his rustic order brings,  
Who then would envy the parade of kings?

The objects then that my affections please,  
Are a just life of bus'ness, mix'd with ease:  
A fruitful farm, a family in health,  
From debts exempt, nor plagu'd with anxious wealth:  
The bearded field and udder-swelling plain,  
Some fleecy bleaters, and a fit domain  
For winter's forage; if the glebe be cold,  
Manure to warm it from the teeming fold;  
Till by such care with glowing heart I see,  
A new creation rise from industry:  
Brown ale to gain kind *Hodge's* scraping thanks,  
For friends the ruddy stream from *Douro's* banks:  
Few willing steeds to work or take the air,  
Or sometimes gently draw the tender fair:  
The cordial visit and the dry-wood flame,  
Affociates lively, and the prudent dame:  
To raise the honors of connubial love,  
And with the moral page the mind improve:  
To cheer true merit of whate'er degree,  
Or now of use, or to posterity:  
These, these are mine, nor want my wishes still,  
Stores in reserve the subjects of my will.

Around

Around my barn the pamper'd pullets ply,  
And crowded streams the finny race supply.  
Contiguous meads the titled loin afford,  
And willing servants tend my vail-less board.  
Shou'd the laps'd hour an instant dish demand,  
Or vagrant guest quick urge the practis'd hand,  
Suspended high, the ready fitch descends,  
And the warm egg, luxurious feast! attends.  
POMONA's gifts in bright succession vye,  
To please my taste and charm the curious eye;  
While FLORA gayly smiling tempts my lay,  
And friendly converse crowns the festive day.  
In home-rai'd pleasures thus devoid of strife,  
Soft glides, in social ease, the rural life.

F I N I S.



Around my hearth the partridge pulled ply,  
 And crowded thence the tiny race supply.  
 Continuous needs the mist join afford,  
 And willing servants tend my vail-less board.  
 Snow'd the lap'd hour an instant still demand,  
 Or vagrant guest quick wags the prattle hand,  
 Submerged high, the rosy ditch delenda,  
 And the warm egg, luxurious feast attend,  
 Pomona's gifts in bright succession vie,  
 To please my taste and charm the curious eye,  
 While Flora, gayly smiling, tempts my lay,  
 And friendly converse crowns the festive day.  
 In home-rand pleasures thus devoid of strife,  
 Soft glides, in social ease, the rural life.